

478 SONNET* *PARTHEWQPH/L*
[? May^JS

So shalt thou make me blest! So shall my
sorrows cease ! So shall I live at ease ! So
shall my joys acrease! So shall tears, plaints,
and sighs, mingled with heavy groans. Weary
the rocks no more ! nor lament to the stones !

ODE 20, A

SCLEPI A D.



SWEET, pitiless eye, beautiful orient
(Since my faith is a rock, durable
everywhere).

Smile ! and shine with a glance, heartily me
to joy !

Beauty taketh a place ! Pity regards it not I
Virtue findeth a throne, settled in every part!
Pity found none at all, banished everywhere !
Since then, Beauty triumphs (Chastity's
enemy)₅

And Virtue cleped is, much to be pitiful;
And since that thy delight is ever virtuous:
My tears, PARTHENOPHE! pity! Be pitiful!
So shall men Thee repute great! as a holy
Saint!

So shall Beauty remain, mightily glorified!
So thy fame shall abound, durably
chronicled !

Then, sweet PARTHENOPHE ! pity! Be
merciful!

SONNET C V.



H ME ! How many ways have I assayed,
To win my Mistress to my ceaseless suit!
What endless means and prayers have I
made To thy fair graces! ever deaf and mute.
At thy long absence, like an errand page, With
sighs and tears, long journeys did I make
Through paths unknown, in tedious pilgrimage;
And never slept, but always did awake.